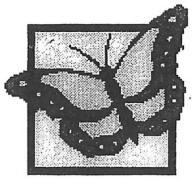
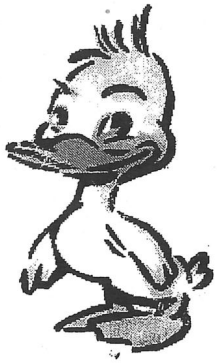
This isn't a



NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY
NUSA
STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

Publication

The Happy-Joy Guide to good living



IT'S NOT A

NATIONAL UNION OF
N·U·S
STUDENTS
INC

PUBLICATION EITHER

MADE IT POSSIBLE

BLOW SHIT UP

This can be a very liberating and constructive way of getting over depression these are some of my preferred methods, please note that care is required (pesky trips to hospital getting limbs replaced doesn't contribute to happy joy feelings.)

P.T.O 4 MORE INSTRUCTIONS

1) THE CHLORINE BOMB

This is one I have had a high success rate with, but is something that can very easily go wrong.

YOU WILL NEED:

*A 2 litre bottle

* 100ml of coke

* 2tbs of pool chlorine powder

MOST DANGEROUS

Simply put chlorine in bottle then add coke, very very quickly put lid tightly back on then throw.

Some variations:

*loads of sugar dissolved in water, wait for water to cool!!

*Anti-freeze (don't need to cap the bottle)

*Break fluid, immediate flameage.

WARNING I have not tried variations

POLITICS FREE ZONE

This magazine is not and shall never Be political, and we apologise if any Political content slipped past our editor

FUCK HOWARD

YOU CAN FREEZE TO GIVE TIME

FUCK THE LAW

SQUAT THE WORLD

NO GODS NO MASTERS

AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY

ANARCHISM

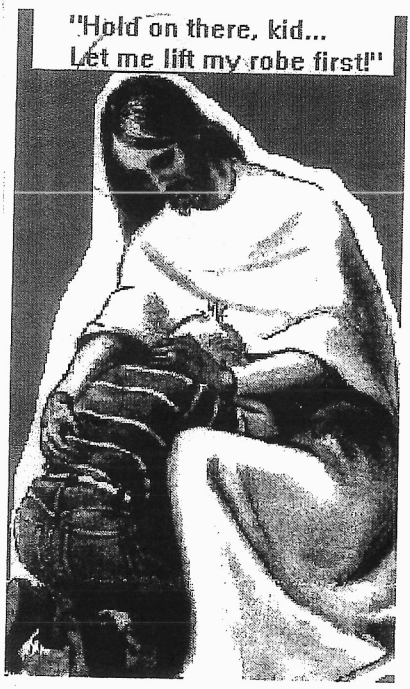
2) THE MOLOTOV COCKTAIL

This I have never made but have successfully used on many occasions, is comparatively safer than chlorine bomb.

YOU WILL NEED:

* 1 beer bottle
*1 Rag
*Some gasoline
*motor oil
*matches or a lighter

Simply fill the bottle with the gasoline 2/3 and oil 1/3 mixture, and then insert the cloth wick into the container. The wick must extend both into the mixture and out of the container. Light the wick before throwing the Molotov cocktail. When the container hits a vehicle and breaks, the mixture will ignite, burning both the vehicle and the personnel around it.



3) THE SODA-BULB BOMB

This is great fun, and creates cool sparks

YOU WILL NEED:

*Aluminium foil
*1 soda bulb
*packet of sparklers
*match or lighter

WARNING SHRAPNEL

Simply put soda bulb on foil, strip some sparklers and put powder with bulb, put single sparkler next to bulb, wrap foil around bulb + powder with sparkler sticking out as wick, light sparkler and run or throw.

SMOKE BOMBS ΨΑΨ!!

HERE IS THE RECIPE FOR ONE HELLUVA SMOKE BOMB!

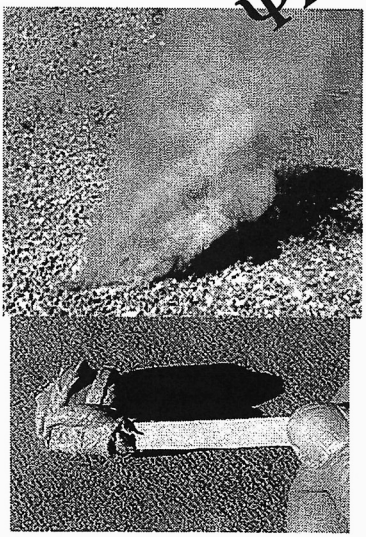
4 PARTS SUGAR

THIS BURNS HOT!!

6 PARTS POTASSIUM NITRATE (SALT PETER)

HEAT THIS MIXTURE OVER A LOW FLAME UNTIL IT MELTS, STIRRING WELL. POUR IT INTO A FUTURE CONTAINER AND, BEFORE IT SOLIDIFIES, IMBED A FEW MATCHES INTO THE MIXTURE TO USE AS FUSES. ONE POUND OF THIS STUFF WILL FILL UP A WHOLE BLOCK WITH THICK, WHITE SMOKE

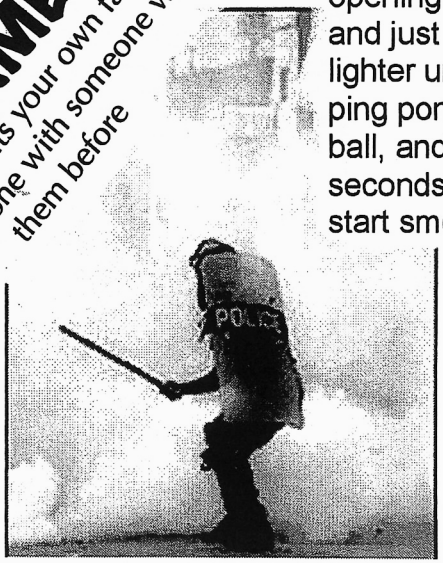
SALT PETER IS AVAILABLE IN CHEMISTS



DISCLAMER

If you blow yourself up its your own fault and all first attempts should be done with someone who has done them before

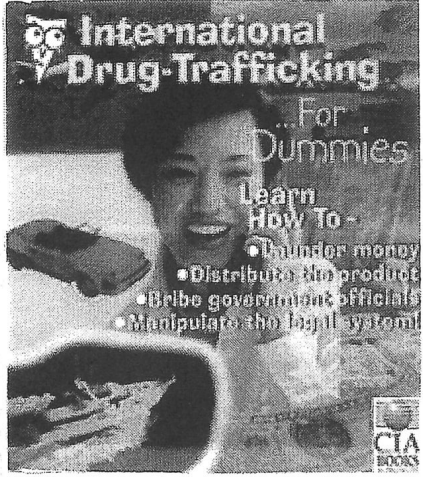
Just take a ping pong ball, and cover it wit tin foil and make sure there is a small opening on the top, and just hold a lighter under the ping pong ball/tin foil ball, and in 10 seconds or so, it'll start smoking

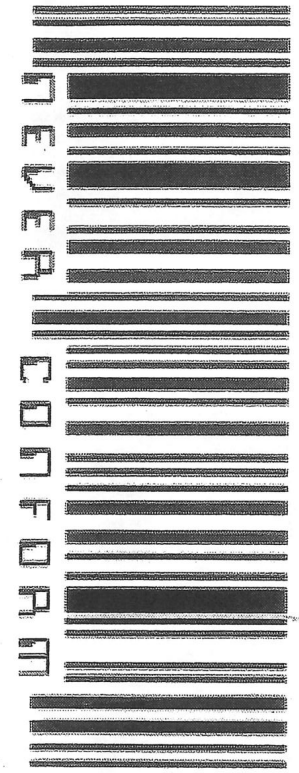


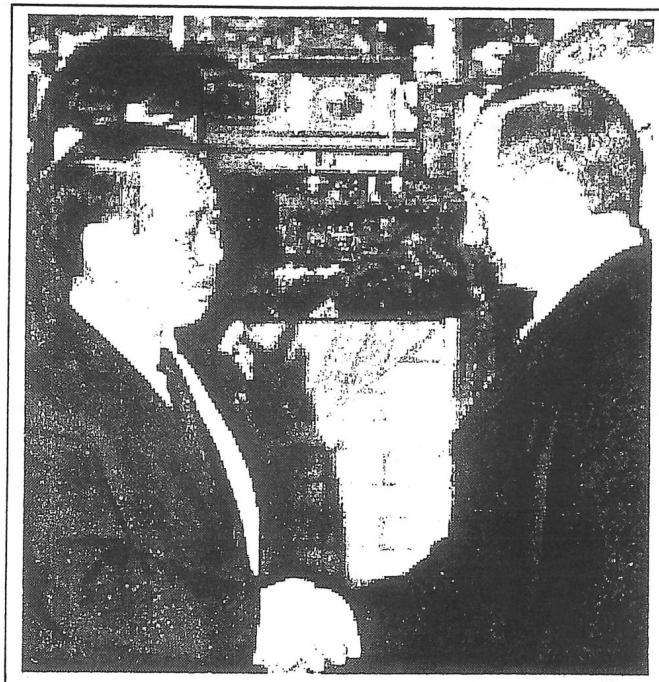
GENUINE CORPRATE SUGGESTIONS 4 HAPPIENESS

1. I suggest the pokies for loaners, or the tracks for the more social orientated, and the tab for emergencies.
2. Payday is the best day for gambling, that way if you win, you win big.
3. Loan sharks are everywhere and will give you competitive interest rates
4. This is something that can be enjoyed by the whole family, get the kids involved!!!

For a relaxing weekend







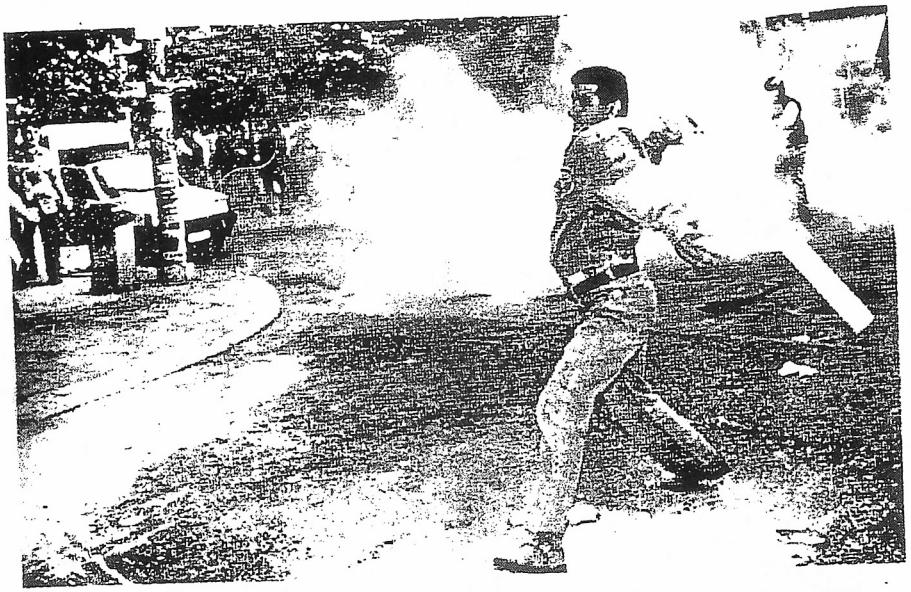
Russian President-elect Vladimir Putin (R) shakes hands with Japanese government envoy Muneo Suzuki after sucessfull sale of socilist worker magazine

And if you're BORED
You can always beat
Down some COPS

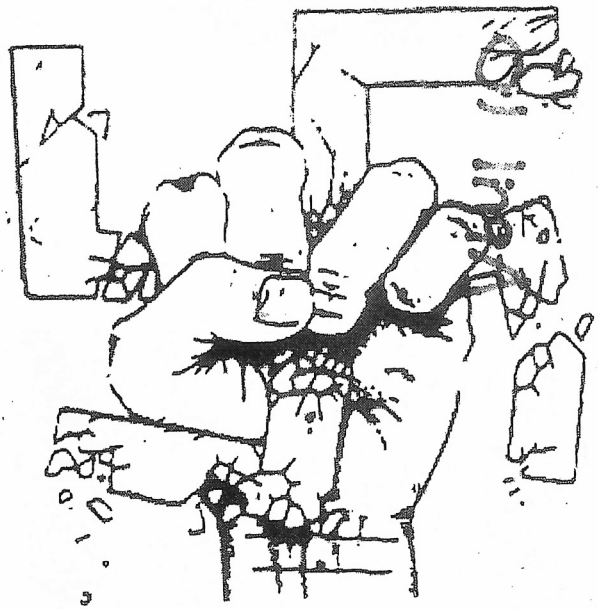
BAD COP!!

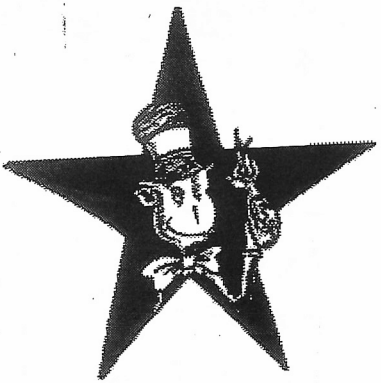
NO Donut!!

THAT'S THE WAY TO DO IT!



Sport is at its most enjoyable when it is based on active participation of all - and here's a good example of that from the streets of Piraeus in Greece where a shipyard worker is attempting to break the plank-chucking-at-cop record. We don't know if he succeeded but we bet that he had a good time trying!



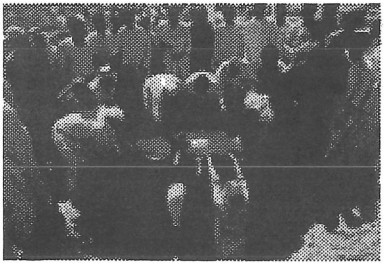


The Final tip to happiness

DON'T GET LIBERATED BY AMERICA

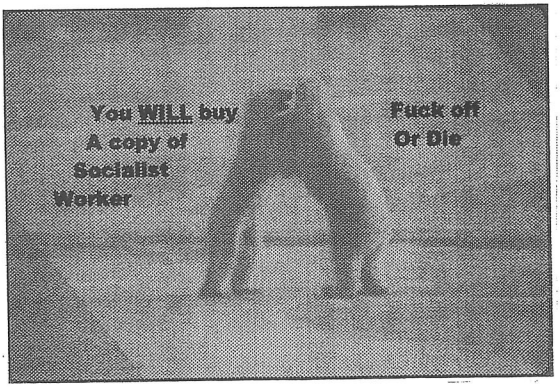
IT DOESN'T CONTRIBUTE TO HAPPY JOY FEELING

Lucky civilian enjoying the new free Iraq



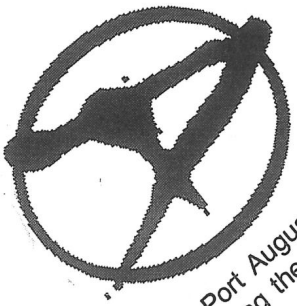
Crowd control American style.
88 dead in the new Iraq

OK, I've run out of happy joy material so now some general shit



Baxter & The BUS2 conspiracy

Newcastle uni crew were travelling the long road to Baxter. The south Australian detention centre, when we suddenly had to stop at the giant sheep. Bus 2 **claimed** to have a "flat tyre" and were nowhere to be seen. Suspicions were aroused.



We finally arrive at Port Augusta and meet the rest of the protesters, expecting the 3000 the media said there would be, about 2150 are missing, BUS2. Is considered responsible by many students.

Night falls and we approach the border, the inspection team comes on board, shore enough, they are carrying large containers of fruit confiscated from BUS 2. Was this an attempt to introduce fruit flies to fruit growing area? I think so.
We leave the checkpoint but the newie crew grew gradually more worried in bus 3, as bus 2 continuously attempts to cause accidents fortunately bus 3 has a skilled driver.

We move on to the Concentration camp known as Baxter, and have a meeting at the first police roadblock, it is decided that the road block is puny and the police stupid, we walk through, proving this theory.

Then around ten am, disaster strikes, bus 1 runs out of petrol, this bus has tanks big enough to get from Sydney to Perth without stopping, no one said anything but we all think it, BUS2. Who quickly leaves the scene, under the pretext of getting petrol. Bus 3 and bus 1 bond while we wait a suspiciously long time for BUS2 to return, and when they do, it is discovered that bus 1 has been sabotaged.

We arrive at a second police blockade, this one manned buy TRG otherwise known as assholes, supported by local pigs. We set up camp and are informed that if we don't move the camp we will be arrested.

The police flank protester lines and steal tents, then attempt to move through protesters, meeting with limited success, but many protesters are hurt, then the cavalry arrive in the form of mounted cops. Protesters chant, "get those animals off those horses", devastating police morale They charge anyway. BUS2 is not mentioned.

That night an action is called by socialists who said that they reached the inner fence, before horses were again used to trample them. Later that night another action is called by queer bloc, people are randomly arrested, some make it around the back, but are herded back by riot cops. There is a group of crazy people running around shouting chicken.

The camp is moved back to the hill in front of the original police blockade. Later that night protesters make their first visit to the concentration camp, making lots of noise, some claim to hear refugees shouting back.

We return the next day in greater numbers and the outer fence is pulled down. Kite flyers and legal observers are arrested.

The protesters are charged by police and socialists retreat leaving people trapped on the other side of the pipe. Everyone is eventually herded along the road, where they are joined by some late comers who slow down the retreat, seeing little point to fighting for road a km from the concentration camp, most protesters leave. When the stubborn protesters leave, a police car, who is forced off the road going past them stopes ahead. When protesters catch up we see that some legend has put everything in sight on the road, mainly BIG rocks, tyres, street sings ect. Four local cops get out of the car , put on riot gear and stand guard in front of the car. Protesters can smell their fear and abuse is thrown in their general direction, jibes ranging from " I smell shaking bacon" the brilliant but forgotten taunts. The cops retreat behind the car. We laugh. Then riot cops are seen double timing it to the road block. HE HE

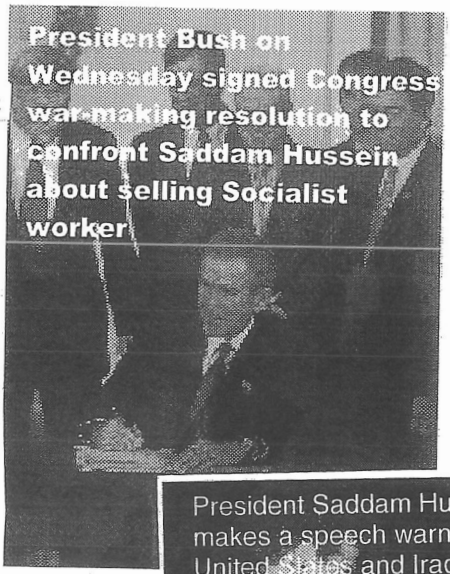
The next day we went down to say good bye to the refugees and release balloons, this is the last action and is called by the trots. On the way back, at the corner of the centre, we are confronted by police. Twice the riot cops charge the protesters, twice the protesters (mostly socialists) break and run, the third time the pigs cut the fallen barbed wire fence and charge on mass, tackling and arresting people. Then we hear that the police are raiding the camp with machine guns, in response to the pig chopper being threatened buy a protester pointing a camera tripod at it with extreme prejudice. A situation which can easily escalate.

WE WILL NOT BE FREE UNTIL THE LAST BUREAUCRAT IS HANGED BY THE GUTS OF THE LAST CAPITALIST

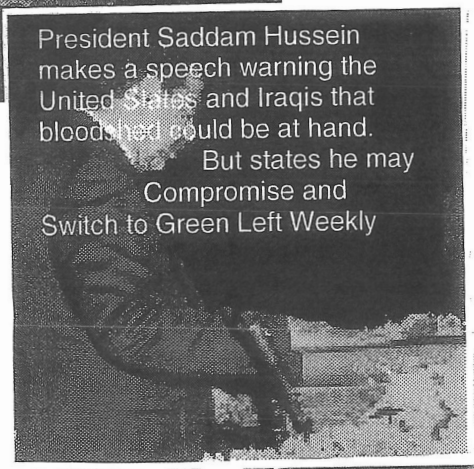
MOST PHOTO'S WERE STOLEN FROM MOZ.NET.NZ BUT PERMISION WAS GIVEN AFTER I WAS CAUGHT

We then strike tents and board busses. Bus Three escapes ahead away from BUS2 to avoid sabotage, when we finally reach Sydney we discover that BUS2 is two hours behind (we suspect they had to report to asio) and when they arrive luggage they are supposed to be carrying has disappeared. We go to the pub to de-brief some people are missing, BUS2 has told them to go to the wrong pub.

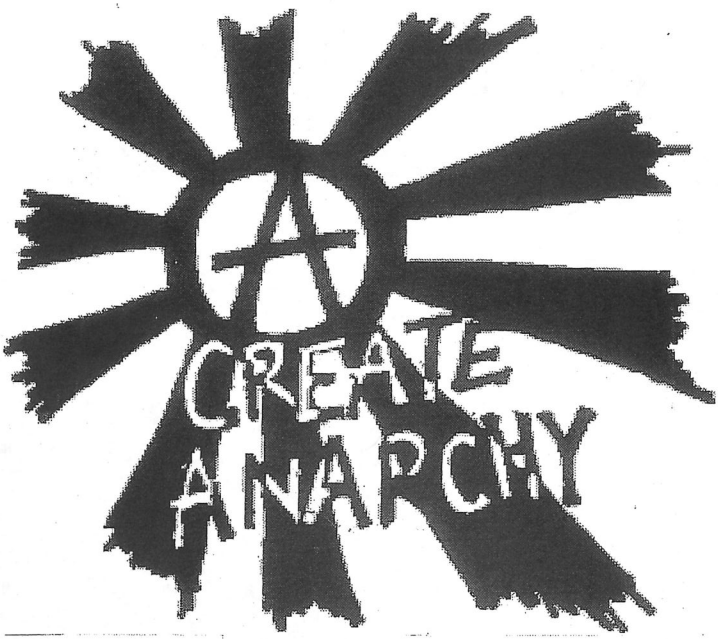
We discuss weather BUS2 is responsible for other unanswered questions:
Who is behind the liberal govt?
Who does asio report to?
Who built the detention centres? The list goes on.


President Bush on Wednesday signed Congress war-making resolution to confront Saddam Hussein about selling Socialist worker

DEMOCRACY
ANARCHY
TRUTH
LIBERTY
JUSTICE
OR
BUSH
BLAIR
&
HOWARD


President Saddam Hussein makes a speech warning the United States and Iraqis that bloodshed could be at hand.
But states he may
Compromise and
Switch to Green Left Weekly

detention of refugees. The 2003 Palm Sunday

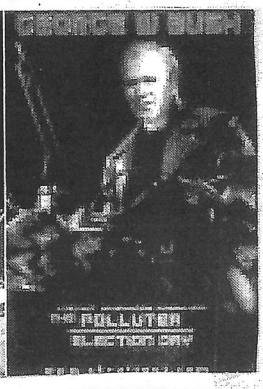


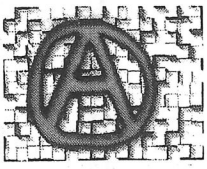
^This may contribute to^
Happy joy feelings

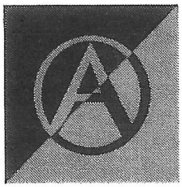
WARNING

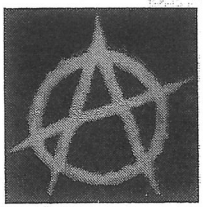
AMERICANS

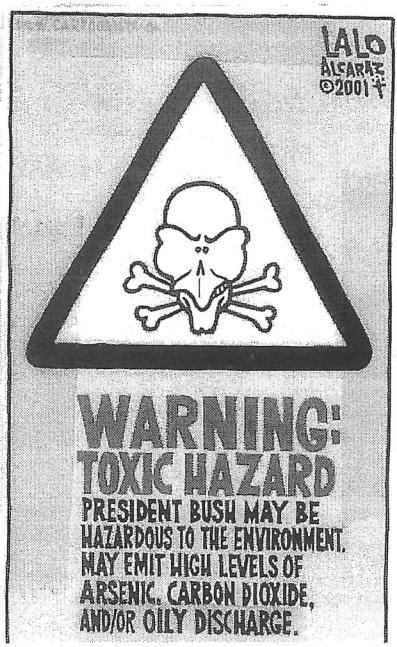
These images may disturb





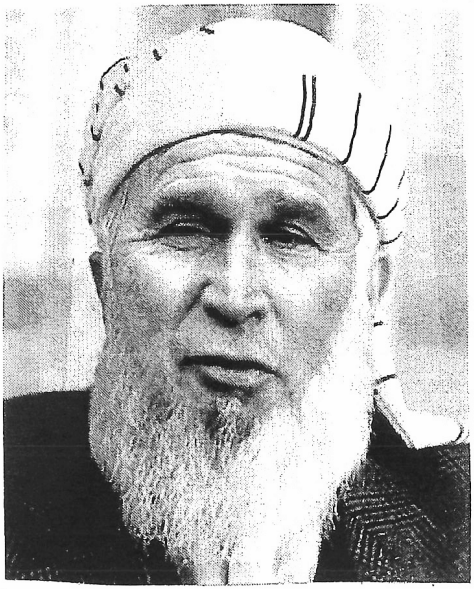






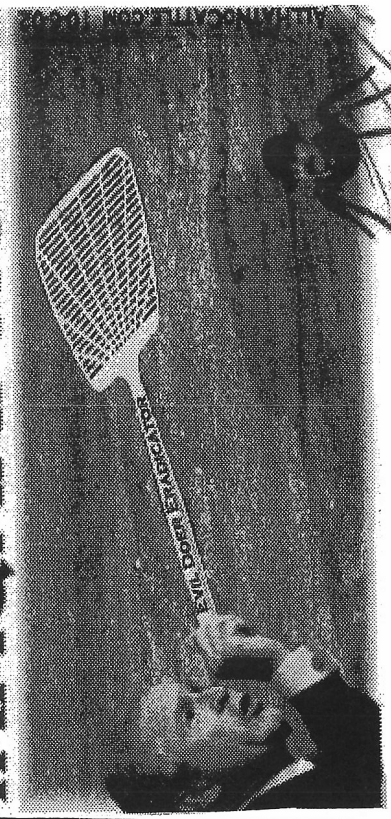
ALL PICTURES ARE TRUE AND UNTOUCHED

OSAMA-BUSH-LADIN

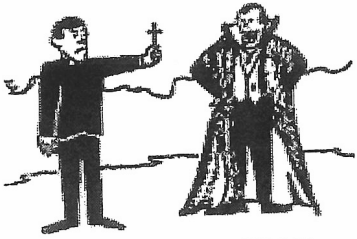


LOST WANTED TERRORIST ON EARTH

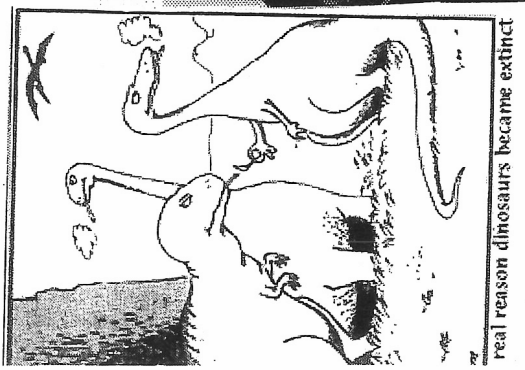
IRAQNAPHOBIA



BULLY PULPIT STYLE



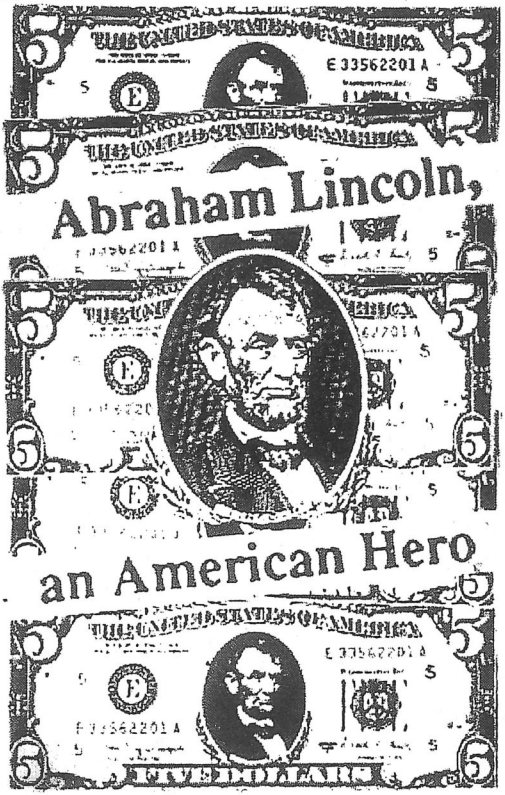
NO, I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE DAMN THING. I JUST DON'T LIKE THE INSANITY IT PROMOTES.



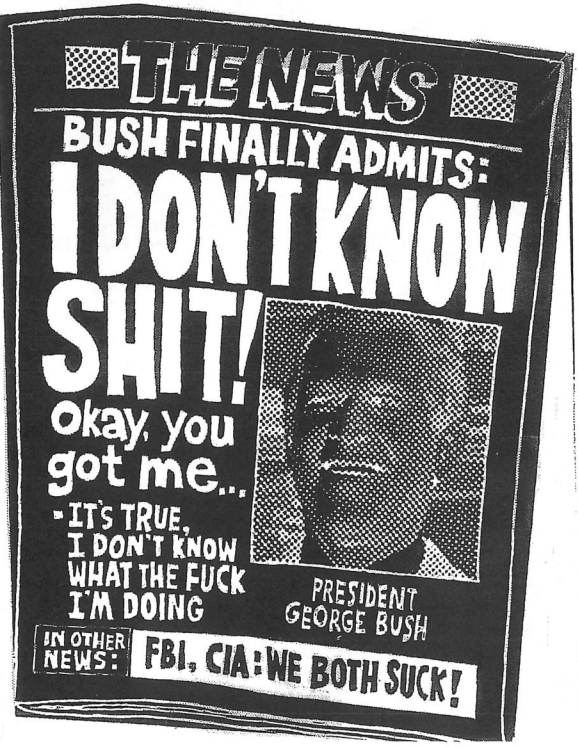
"I will say, then, that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races; that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people...

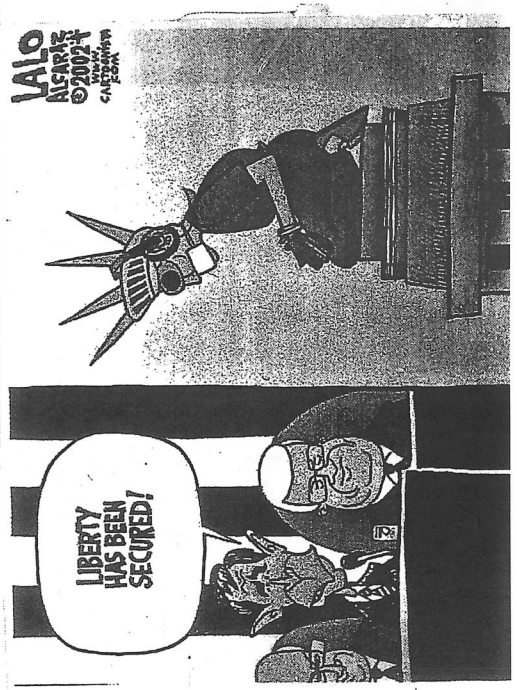
And inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together there must be the position of superior and inferior, and I as much as any other man am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race."

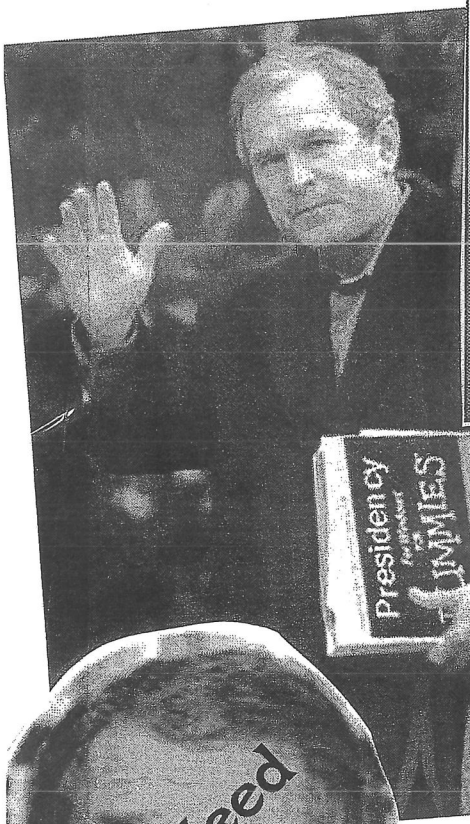
— Abraham Lincoln

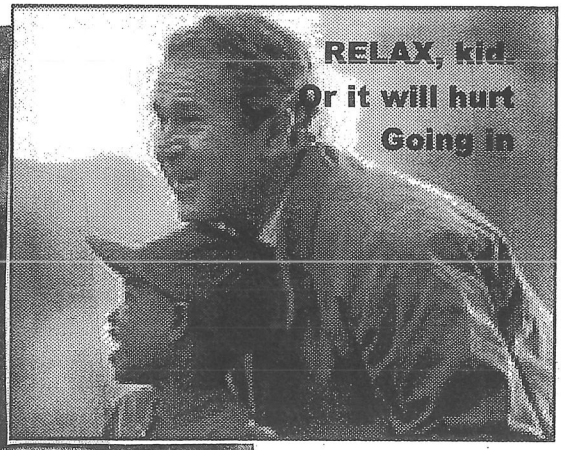


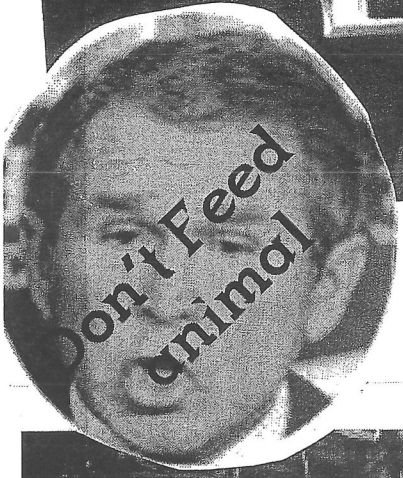
How is it possible for an American
Icon to be so FUCKED??
Sorry, stupid question.


THE NEWS
BUSH FINALLY ADMITS:
I DON'T KNOW SHIT!
Okay, you got me...
- IT'S TRUE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK I'M DOING
PRESIDENT GEORGE BUSH
IN OTHER NEWS:
FBI, CIA: WE BOTH SUCK!

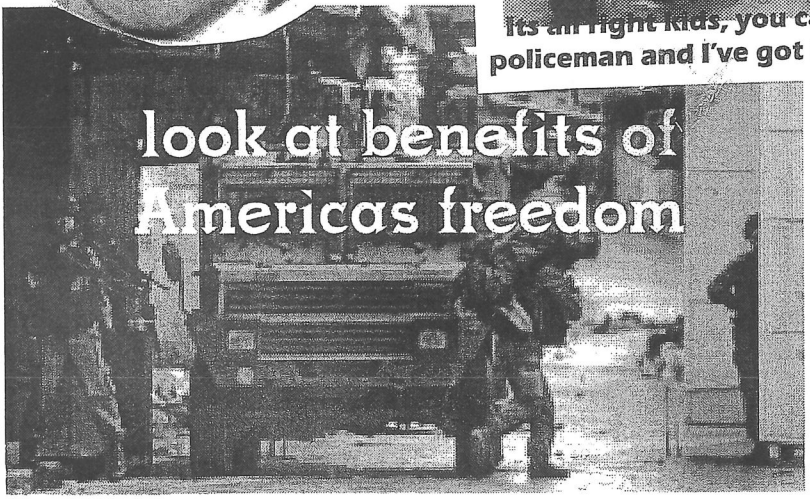


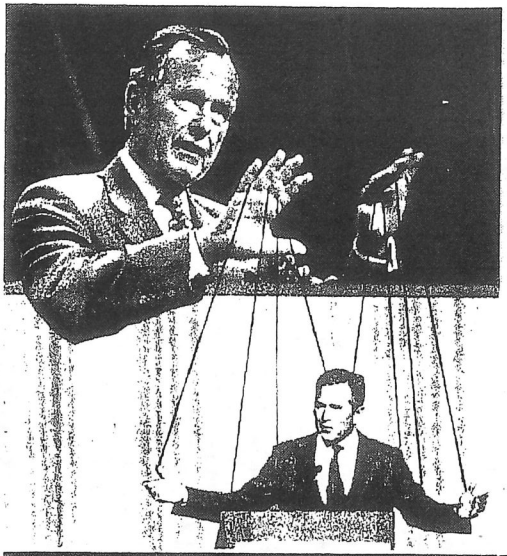


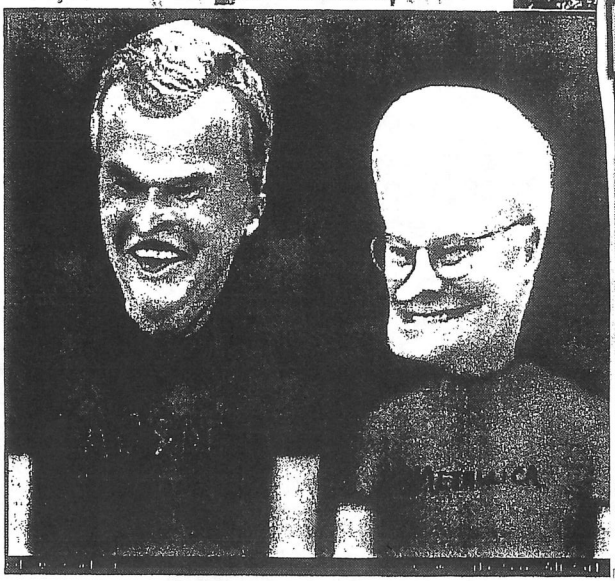




Its all right kids, you can trust me I'm a policeman and I've got lollies at my place



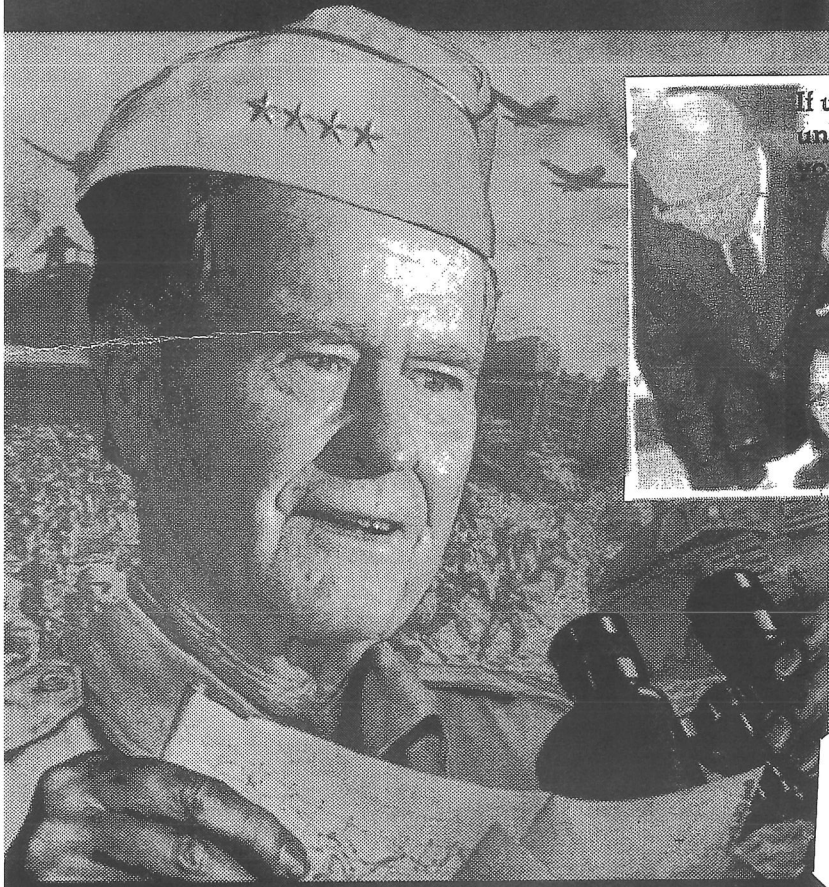


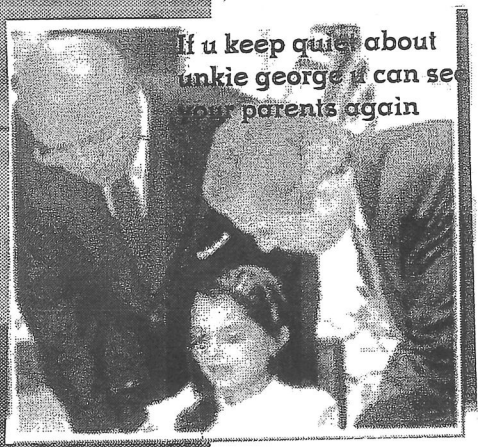


Huh, huh, you said 'bush.'

Huh, huh, you said 'dick.'

"WIMP" MY ASS!





Saddam's in my sights & Junior's at the trigger!

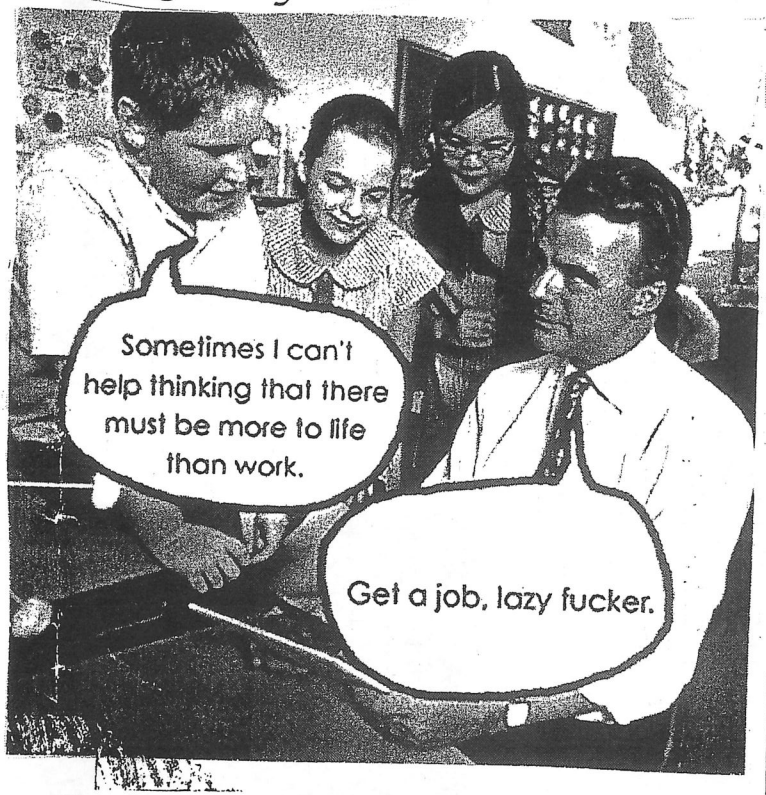
WWW.WHITEHOUSE.ORG

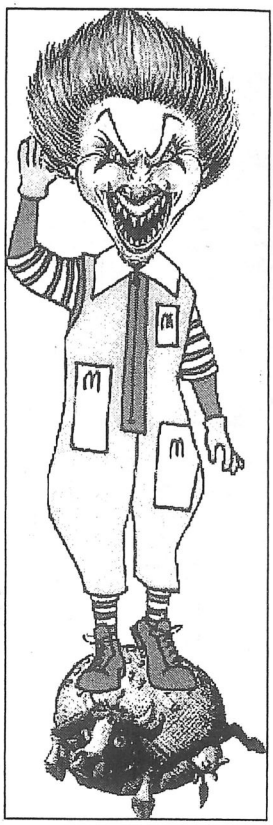
SHELL ON EARTH

McDisease McProfits McDeadly McHunger McRip-off McTorture McWasteful McGarbage

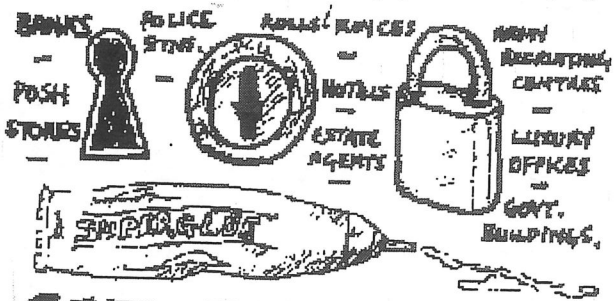
WARNING
CAPITALISM

These images may disturb

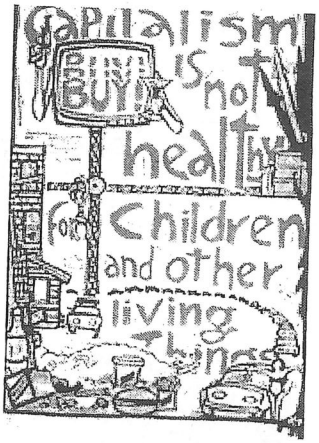




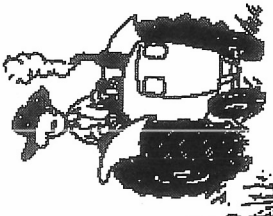
SABOTAGE CAPITALISM

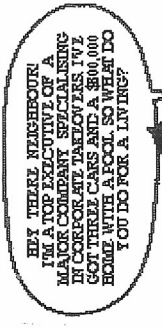


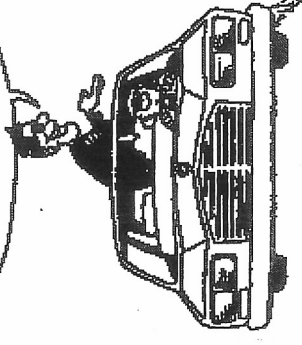
GET STUCK IN!

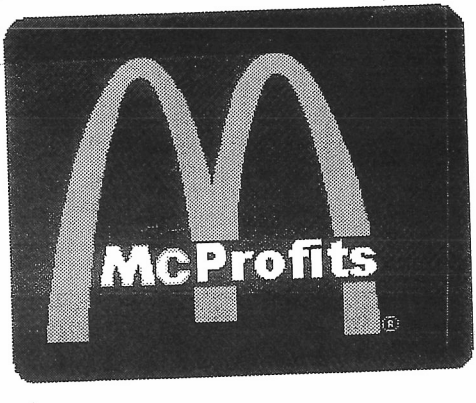


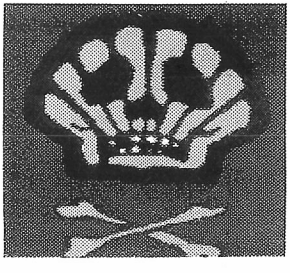
BURN SHELL TO HELL

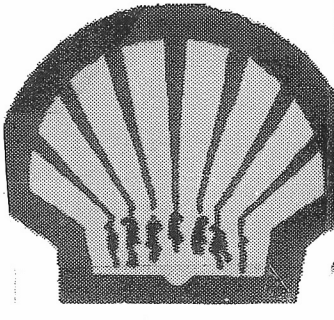



HEY THERE NEIGHBOUR! I'M A TOP EXECUTIVE OF A MAJOR COMPANY SPECIALISING IN CORPORATE TAKEOVERS. I'VE GOT THREE CARS AND A $100,000 HOME WITH A POOL. SO WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING?









McMurder

Fuck
The
System

YOU'RE RUNNING
BECAUSE YOU WANT THAT RAISE,
TO BE ALL YOU CAN BE.
BUT IT'S NOT EASY
WHEN YOU
WORK
SIXTY HOURS A WEEK
MAKING SNEAKERS IN AN
INDONESIAN FACTORY
AND YOUR FRIENDS
DISAPPEAR
WHEN THEY
ASK FOR A RAISE.
SO THINK
GLOBALLY BEFORE YOU DECIDE
IT'S SO COOL
TO WEAR
NIKE

ITS YOUR FAULT their ARE 50 MILLION
CHILD SLAVES

ATTACK NOW!
Explorer? Excursion? Expedition? PUNY!
Conquer Traffic In Your Exciting
Ford ERADICATOR!
OIL: there's always more somewhere!
A MESSAGE FROM THE MINISTRY OF HOMELAND SECURITY

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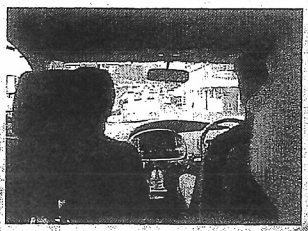
So were (the Newcastle crew) waiting on the train, which is running 20 mins late and hasn t left yet, and we get a phone call. The UTS van has left the freeway and started exploring Newcastle becoming hopelessly lost. We battle with the street directory and bad reception, it s a loosing battle, and in confusion the Sydney crew return t the highway.

Eventually the train leaves and there are continuous calls attempting to establish the exact location of a mysterious suburb called Hexham, our rendezvous.

This is a mis erable failure, our train arrives in Hexham with the lost UTS van careening around the suburbs, who then go past a dub ious sing reading Hexham.

Then with great excitement I spot them screaming past us. We had been waiting long minutes, both of them. We jump in, excited with only one person missing, and start the long journey to Brisbane and the feral anarchists that await us.



ANARCON 2003 BRISBANE

After two short hours of travelling disaster strikes, someone has put the buffy musical soundtrack on!

And to cap it off the people in the front seats (I wont name names but you know who you are) are singing along. DEAR GOD MAKE IT STOP!!

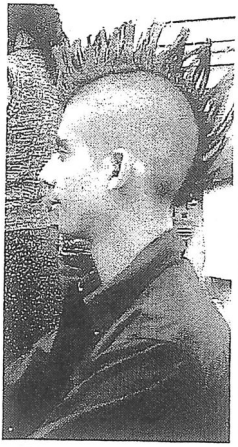
I thought that this was as bad as it could get, but I was sadly mistaken. For little did I know what the time bomb otherwise known as Moz had planed.

We sped along
The pacific highway
After midnight, narrowly missing
A truckie getting back into his truck and
Vanished into the night.

To pass the time we cook some marshmallows on a lighter, something very difficult and painful to do without a stick, but worth it.

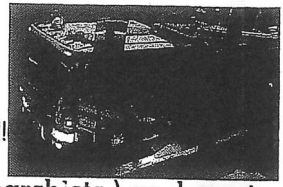
I wake up the next morning on the outskirts if Brisbane. The person in the passenger seat who is supposed to be keeping the driver awake is soundly sleeping.

We drive around lost for a while, then stop for coffee and a map. Then drop people off. The remaining five of us find Indymedia house (the photo below), the place that were staying at. It is deserted, so we retire to the pub. We were shocked abd delighted to discover $6 jugs YAY!!
After a couple of those we go to the Zine fair that has jut opened, and meet our first Brisbane anarchists, they are exactly what we expected, long black hair, piercing, Mohawks, beards and the prominent scull and crossbones.



A seven foot monster in black with massive boots, comes out and offers us herbal tea.
I love anarchists.
After browsing the selection of zines we retire to the pub, to experiment with those jugs. While there I am drunkenly sticking together this zine, when I am suddenly and viciously attacked by fellow anarchist and zine puritan, for the fact that I have plagiarised most of this zine.
I drown my sorrows in beer, but still continue to steal images and jokes.

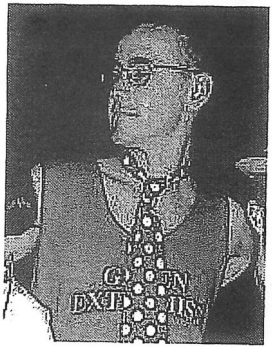
We go from the pub to a piss up at Indymedia house While we are happily drinking a car slides sideways through the lights then two people jump out and crash tackle someone running
Then they get handcuffs there are some polite questions shouted by certain Sydney anarchists such as WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOUR DOING ! ! ! This started an incident where the police were trying to call the anarchists out but were abused instead with dialogue such as,
"Who said that? Come down here and say that!!"
"NO"
"Why not?"
"You sound like your calling me out of a pub"
"We will search your house"
"Under what grounds?"
"Do you have a law degree?"
"Yes, as a matter of fact I do!!



We all (a shit load of anarchists) go down to the road. Where the argument with the cops continues, Moz (the photo below) has noticed that they have left their gloves in the stormwater system, he picks them up then, with only one short anarchist for support, goes up to the gathered pigs (there are about six of them now with more arriving) and informs them in no uncertain terms, about the issues concerned in dumping toxic waste into the stormwater system, the cops very petulantly snatch back the offending gloves. Very Childlike.

They then come down to argue some more, they attempt to trick us into making allegations on tape. We see through their pathetic ruse and discover that the man who started it all was a drug dealer attempting to swap drugs for sex with an undercover cop.

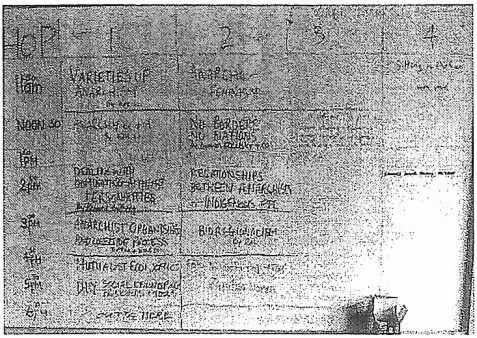
The cops state that they are just doing their job. Some feral anarchist makes a comparison with nazis just doing their job too. The fucking pigs are Now threatening arrests

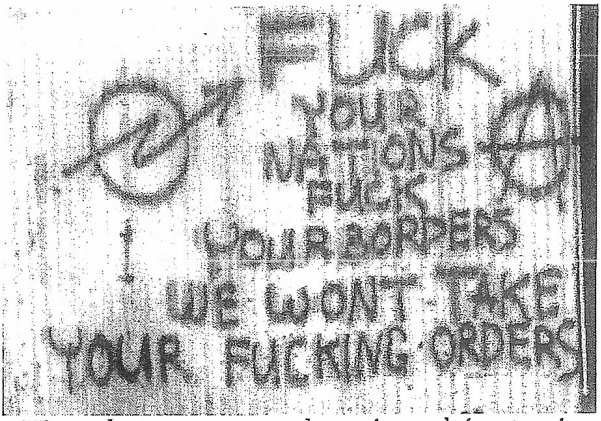


And asked a coloured Anarchist if he would like it if they made racist remarks. He stated that although they didn't say anything they defiantly treat him differently. RACIST BASTARDS. Someone has sparked Up a joint, which the cops eye enviously.

By this time additional police and for some strange reason two ambulances and two big fuck off sized fire trucks arrive, spewing government workers. More arguing in sues, but the poliee realise that they are fighting a loosing battle, and start to leave, and as they leave a TRG dude in the last car leans out the window, smiles, waves and makes a piece symbol. Throwing me into confusion. Did he take the piss? Or did he hate the undercover cops enough he was siding with us? I think the latter.

DAY ONE PROGRAM





The undercover car stops down the road, he give the Nazi salute, they talk on the radio for a while.Probably discussing weather they want to have a major incident, then they drive off.

Thus ending a very promising first day of anarcon. We wake up, hungover and tired, then stumble toward Visible Ink, the place hosting anarcon. When we arrive there is an official opening. The Turrrbul (local indigenous) people welcome us to their land

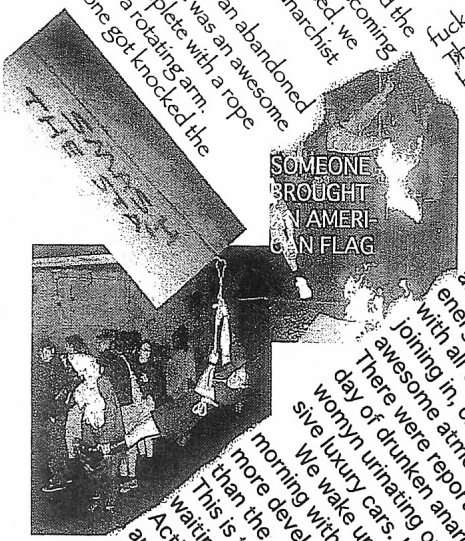
e-thing that I believe is nessisary.

Then we go to workshop two to discuss various types of anarchism, something very dificult to do hungover. There were always at least two workshops going, and extras added by anyone who wanted a discusion or activity, such as the one I attended called sitting in the sun with Moz.

Food not bombs came out and fed us, and the fridge had two dollar beer. Life was good.

Other workshops were on that I probably should remember but it's all a haze. Then we went to the pub for a while, later we were at indymedia house waiting for the rest of the gang, when I foolishly bandied my incomplete pages of this zine around. so now people wanted copies, this had me frantically pumping out pages at a rate of two a minute., so as the zine would be half a cm thick. Finally everyone was assembled and I had raided the indymedia costumes, becoming suave and sophisticated. we headed out to the anarchist ball.

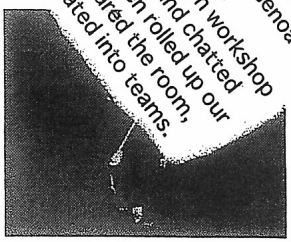
The ball was at an abandoned warehouse, it was an awesome venue, complete with a rope swing on a rotating arm. (someone got knocked the fuck out by a swinging anarchist.) There was a limited amount of home brew on sale and plenty of spray paint for art, though it ran out at an untimely juncture. Forcing me to state: SMASH THE STA, very embarrassing. some crazy fucker known as stick boy allegedly drumbed with his stick offending many people, and was also reported participating in crazy hippy dancing, then smashing stuff up.

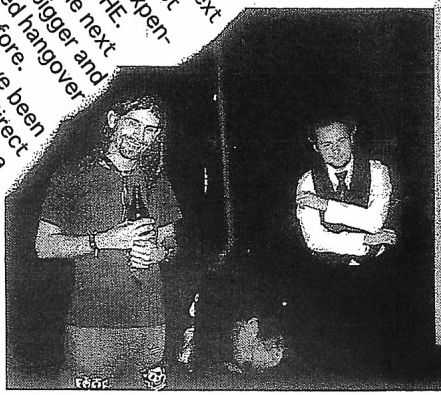


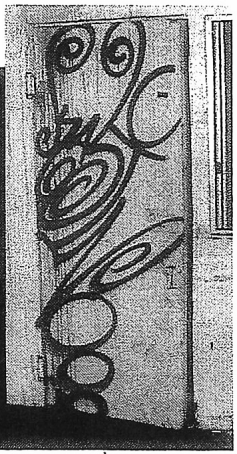
There was also a report from someone who will remain nameless, that they were exploring the back rooms where they discovered anarchists rubbing uglies, who looked up smiled, asked how he was going, or something to that effect, un-named smiled, waved then politely excused himself.

While the party started slow, though with fucking brilliant bands, by about midnight, after half the people left, an energetic mosh got started with all the remaining people joining in, creating an awesome atmosphere. There were reports the next day of drunken anarchist womyn urinating on expensive luxury cars. HE HE.

We wake up the next morning with a bigger and more developed hangover than the day before. This is the day I have been waiting for, with the Direct Action prac and the Genoa and Zapatista films. In the direct action workshop we sat around and chatted for a while then rolled up our sleeves, cleared the room, and separated into teams.

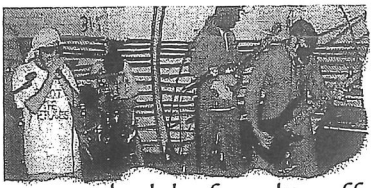


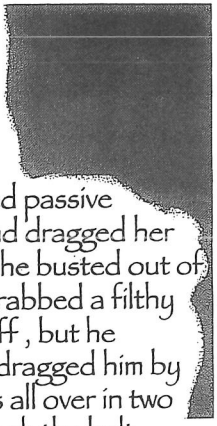




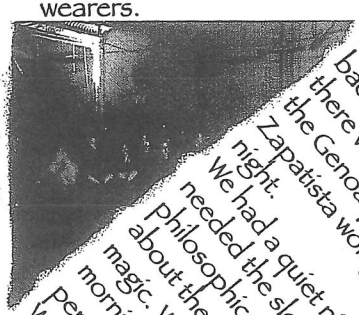
Those with belts and those without.
First I was a valiant protester, protecting my right to stand in front of the door.
I was viciously attacked by fucking cops, but I courageously struggles, the person next to me was dragged off (later re-appearing bruised) and two pigs tried to drag me away, but I managed to trip one of them and re-join the line, it was too little too late as the cops had already made it through the door.

Then I was an upstanding officer of the law, protecting society from the filthy hippy scum, that are a direct threat to our democracy.
They sat and blockaded the door, this pissed me off.
We informed them they were breaking the law, then charged.

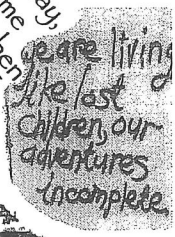


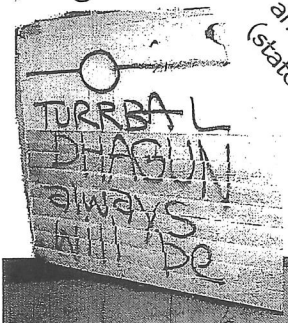


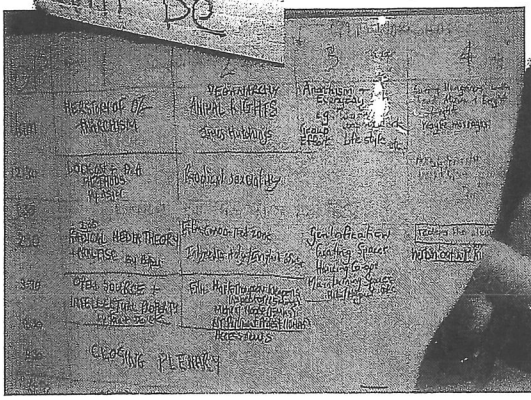
We attacked the front line off seated passive hippies, then I got one by the leg and dragged her to the corner patty wagon) which she busted out of and re-joined the protest. Then I grabbed a filthy feral by the legs and dragged him off , but he managed to kick one leg free, but I dragged him by the other to the patty wagon. It was all over in two minutes, less than half the time it took the belt wearers.



There were other workshops going all that day, Food Not Bombs came back out and fed us, then there was the showing of the Genoa protests and Zapatista womyn into the night.
We had a quiet night (we needed the sleep) with Philosophical debates about the existence of magic. We left the next morning with an extra person.
We headed toward Lismore, getting slightly lost on the back way, then gave up and went the normal way, it rained. Then an un-named person (state womyns officer)







Sonbdy entertainment brings

OUT OF SYNC

FUCK OFF OR DIE!!

A soothing selection of relaxing heavy metal and punk rock, designed to put you to sleep in style.

Had (supposedly) to go to Lismore uni. We agreed to meet in an hour, and went to a vegie place for coffee.

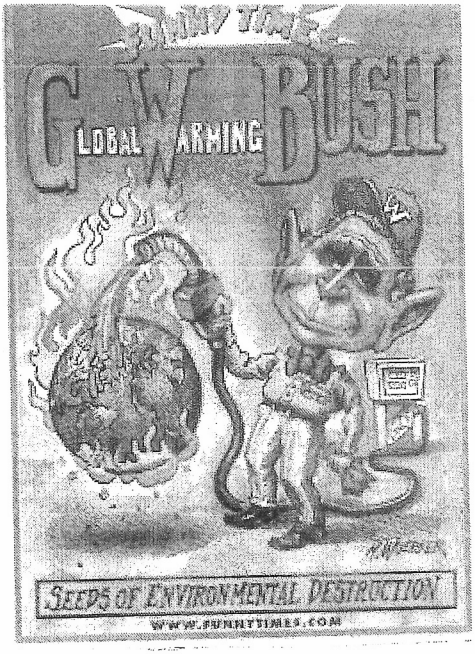
Two hours later we were still there, why hadn't unidentified person called??? were they accosted by Lismorian hippies?? frantic with worry we launch a rescue mission,, fortunately she is still at the uni.

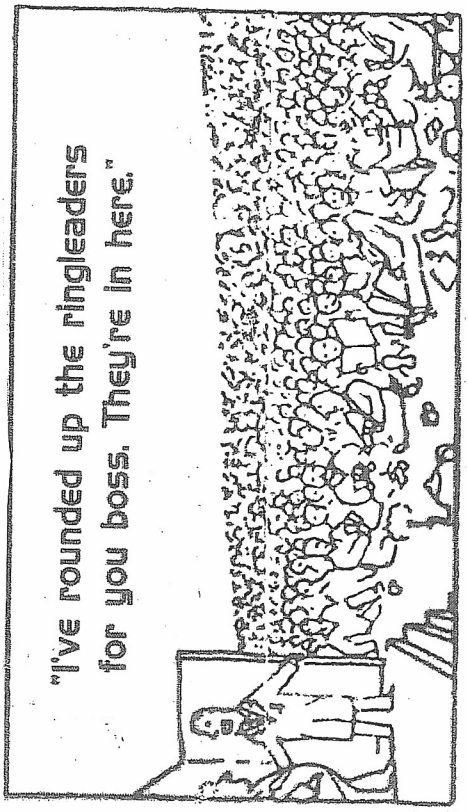
Then we head off toward Sydney, Moz has struck, kill the water bears god dammit kill them all, and the song about the bike isn t much better. The window won t break and we cant stop help!!!!

Finally it stops leaving me with permanent damage, I will be seeing counselors for life, kill the water bears, we pull into the big banana (not very big) all of us suffering from car madness, and play with souvenirs.

It s the last stop on the road to Newcastle, and the rest of the trip passes quickly (well above the speed limit) and we are dropped off at hexham, finding it easily this time, wand are forced to wait four minuts for the train home.

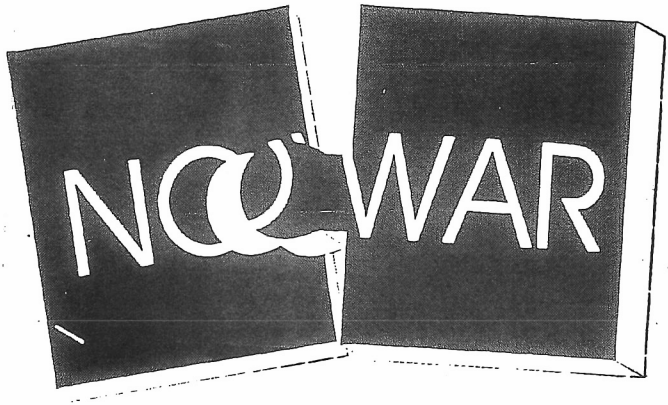
We heard the next day that the Sydney crew had had a fatal accident on the way home, but that turned out to be a hoax, they had a disapointedly boring ride. bye!





RANDOM SHIT

AFTER SIX MONTHS TRYING, GEORGE AND TONY WERE STILL HAVING PROBLEMS WITH THEIR JIGSAW

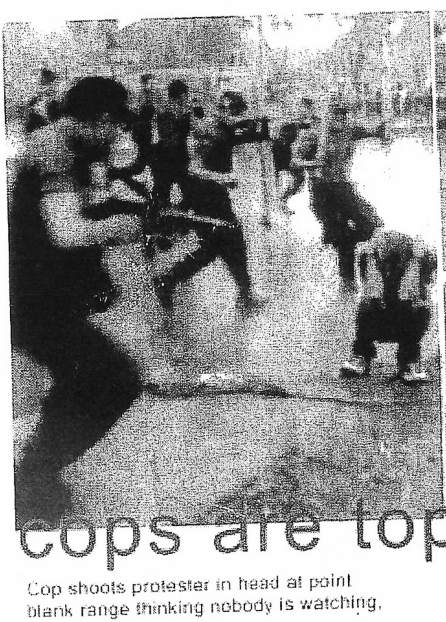


WARNING

POLICE

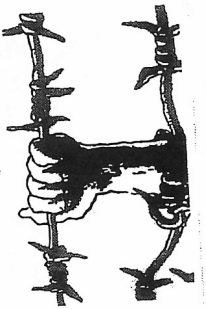
These images may disturb

PEACEFUL POLICE



cops are top

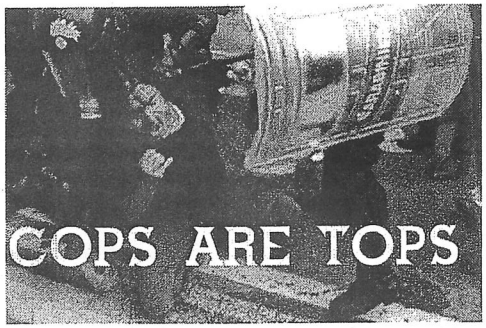
Cop shoots protester in head at point blank range thinking nobody is watching.

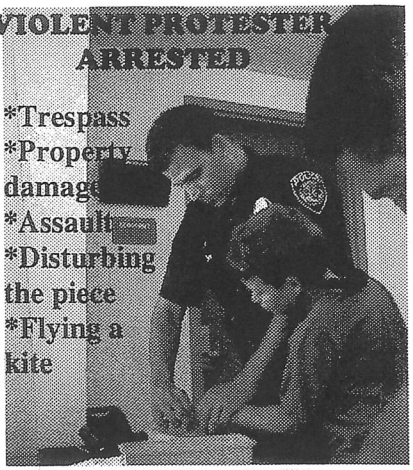


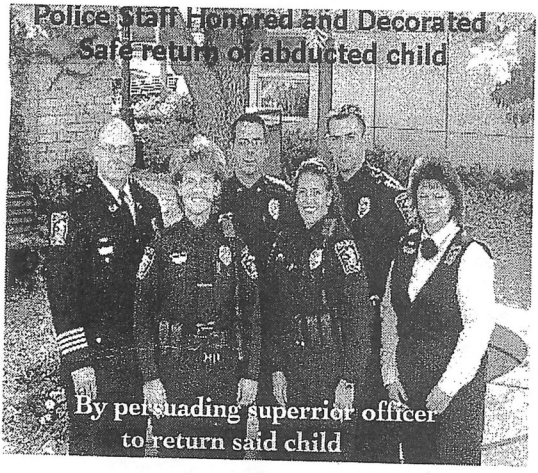
RUBBER BULLETS

PROTESTER REFUSES TO GIVE UP DONUT

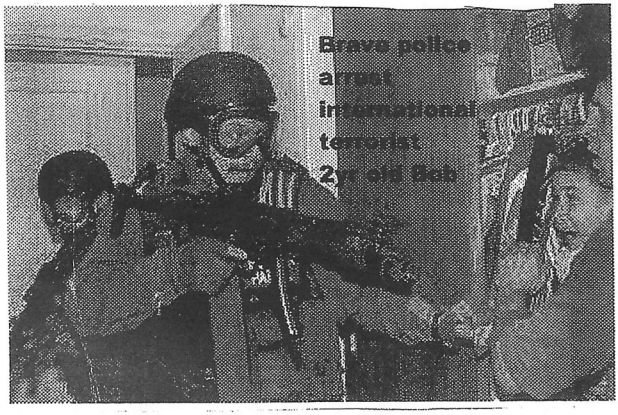
ANARCHIST POLICE DOG

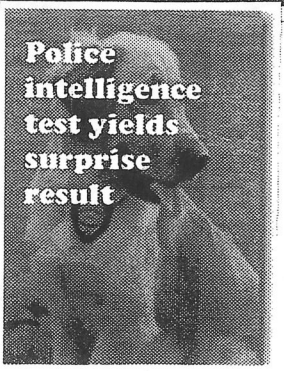





Police staff Honored and Decorated
Safe return of abducted child
By persuading superrior officer to return said child

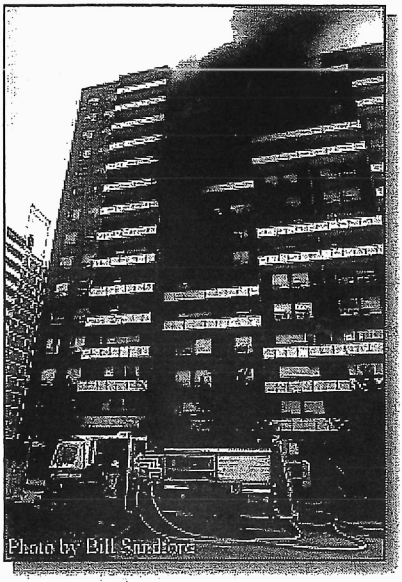
Violent protestor arrested





A SALUTE TO OUR BRAVE FORCES

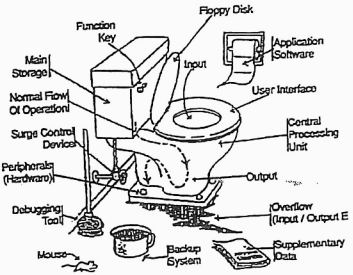
DODGY FLATMATE STORIES



My squatter, Serina is attempting to cook popcorn.

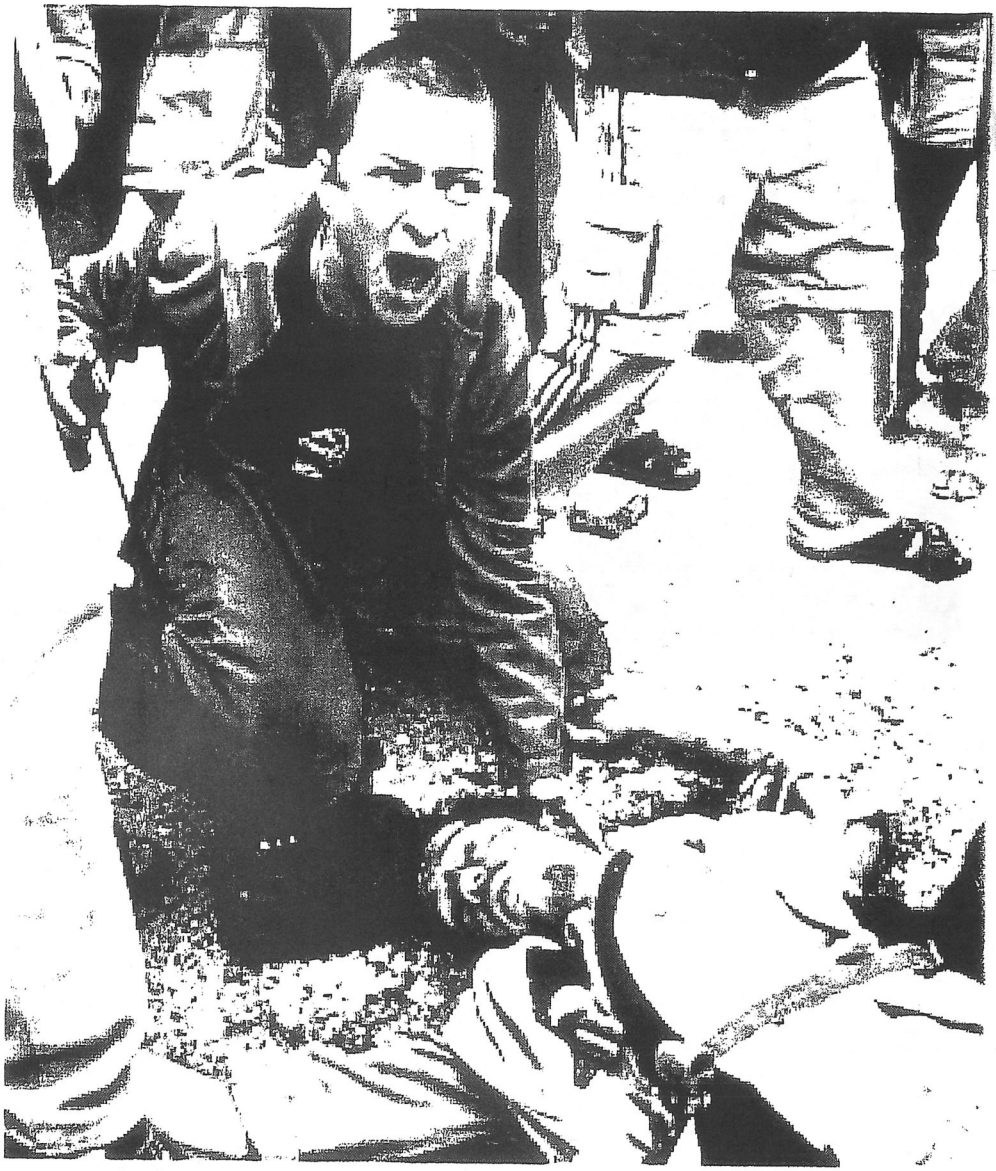
Something way beyond her abilities, and sure enough. She puts the oil on and walks away, when she returns there are six foot flames coming from the stove. Serina panics and starts running around the apartment screaming, fortunately, one of the neighbours has seen the smoke and called the fire brigade, but not the police (thank god). When they arrived they discovered serina running around screaming madly, quckly and effieiently pu t the fire out then made jokes about the four person alien head bong in the living room.

When I get home she tells me not to get angry, but is interrupted when the neighbour returns the dog, which she didn't notice was missing.

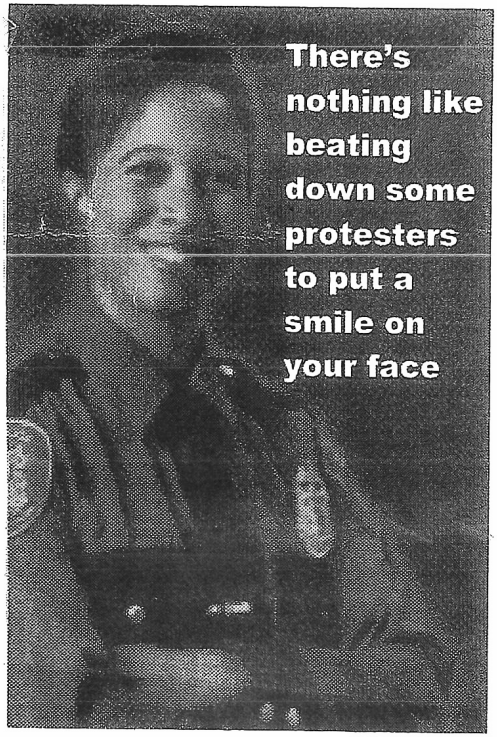


THIS STORY MAY OFFEND

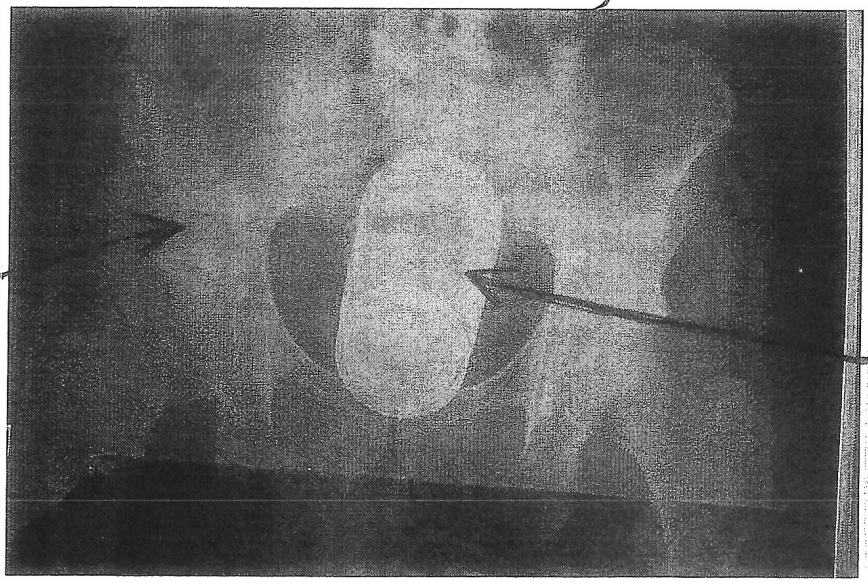
It's about a man called McGillia the Gorilla, and it's not pretty. He was The former housemate of my current housemate, and for some weird reason he Has an aversion to buying toilet paper. So my housemate did the only thing He could, and started hiding his toilet paper supplies. Little did he Know what this would mean, first Sheets mysteriously Started getting holes in Them. Some of his shirts Went missing, then Re-appeared with square shaped holes. He stared to guess the gorilla's evil And disgusting plan. He would force my housemate to by toilet paper by Using his shirts and sheets instead. But his plan was foiled, instead of Gaining a free supply of toilet paper he was kicked out of the house. YAY!!



Human shield shot in head standing between Israeli troops and Palestinian children



Embarrassed at the hospital



Man glues himself to tax office desk in credits protest

By Xan Rice and Helen Nugent

A FACTORY worker frustrated at the delays in receiving payments under the new tax credit system glued himself to the inquiries desk in his local tax office.

Mike Maddison, 36, who lost his job because he could no longer afford to drive to work, made more than 200 attempts to contact the Inland Revenue's helpline. Then, in desperation, he went to his local tax office in Bridgwater, Somerset.

After being told that staff could do nothing to help him, he stuck his left hand to the desk with Superglue and declared that he would not move until he had been paid. Half an hour later, in the company of police officers and paramedics, Mr Maddison walked from the office clutching a cheque for £400: six weeks of credits.

Mr Maddison, of Enmore, Somerset, who is married with daughters aged four and eight, said: "I'm just a hard-working man who was hammered into a corner. Sticking my hand to a table is not the sort of thing I do for a hobby."

After weeks of telephoning. Mr Maddison spoke to a helpline operator last week, and was told to "watch his bank account". But then he received a request for details of his company car. Mr Maddison, who worked in a factory making computer cabinets, drives a diesel Peugeot 205 that he describes as an "old banger". He said: "How could an assembly-floor worker have a company car? I decided then that enough was enough."

Until April Mr Maddison and his wife, who helps to run a local playgroup, had relied on £60 a week in working families tax credit to supplement his £200 weekly take-home pay. He sent in a claim form for the new working tax credit and the child tax credit in November, but his payments dried up on April 6. Mr Maddison said that without the money he could no longer pay for his car insurance or petrol, and had to stop going to work.

When he contacted the Inland Revenue it claimed never to have received his original application. He submitted a duplicate in early April. When no money appeared he dialled the tax credit helpline, but to get through was "all but impossible". Then the letter about the company car arrived.

"I wanted to embarrass the Revenue and to get them to do something for people like me. It was my intention to get arrested," he said.

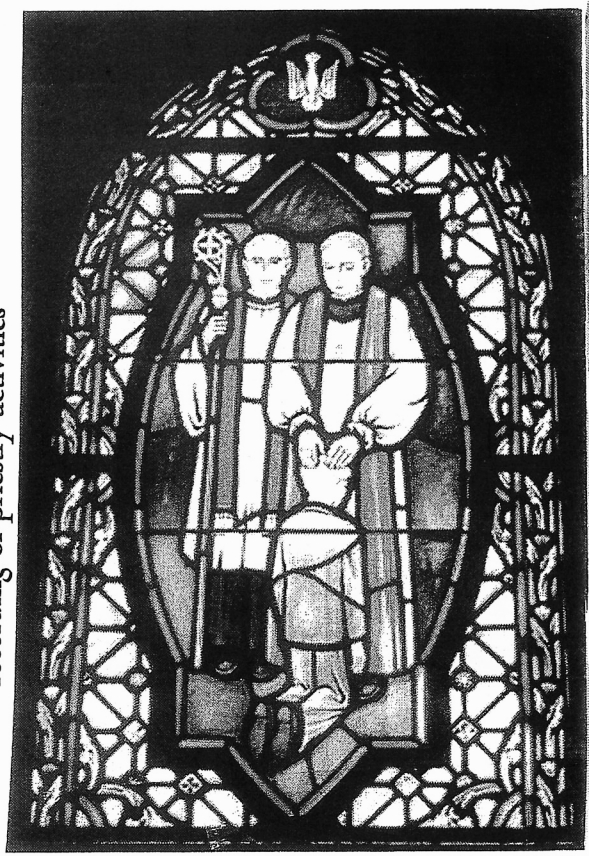
The police, who arrived 15 minutes after Mr Maddison glued himself to the desk last Thursday, threatened to remove him, still stuck to the desk, for breaching the peace. Staff dissuaded them, however, fearing that publicity might prompt other disgruntled claimants to copy him.

After he had been given the money Mr Maddison pulled his hand free. Sweat had loosened the bond of the glue. He said: "My hand got quite hot, but there were no burns or scarring."

Dave Ward, technical services manager at the Bostik glue manufacturer, said: "Most people panic when they get Superglue on their body, but if you just wait a bit it will always come off."

Bridgwater tax office confirmed that the incident had occurred. An Inland Revenue spokesman said: "The Inland Revenue does not comment on individual cases. We do our best to minimise mistakes and to spot them and put them right, but, given the volume of claims being processed, on occasion we will make mistakes."

The scary thing is that it's real and could be an early recording of priestly activities



Enjoy...
Cock
The real thing

fucked again!
POOR BURT! HE HAD TO GO TO WORK AGAIN TODAY!
I WAS DETERMINED NOT TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE DOING THE SAME MEANINGLESS SHIT! REAL LIFE HAD TO BE ELSEWHERE.
18 YEARS OF OBEYING THE RULES OF MY FAMILY AND TEACHERS. I EVEN SERVED TIME IN COLLEGE. NOW THIS....
YOU'RE HIRED BURT! CONSIDER YOURSELF OUR PRODUCT NOW. WE'LL EVEN DO YOUR THINKING FOR YOU. AFTER ALL; WE'RE ONLY ASKING FOR YOUR LIFE!
FUCKING PIG!
GOSH! THANKS MR. TAYLOR!
I BEGAN TO FUCK UP AND STEAL FROM THE REAL TIME BANDITS - THE BOSS. I ALMOST LOOKED FOWARD TO WORK. UNTIL...
...WE SUSPECT SABOTAGE. THE UNIONS AGREE THAT THIS SORT OF THING MUST BE STOPPED.
I WAS TIRED OF WAITING FOR "SOMEDAY." I MADE UP MY MIND TO ACT! I DIDN'T WANT TO DIE FROM TERMINAL BOREDOM. JANE HAD A SUGGESTION...
... THE UNIONS ARE WHOREHOUSES AND THE LEFT IS JUST AN ALTERNATE RELIGION — WORSHIPPING IMPOTENCE!
FUCK THE LEFT! SETTLE THINGS YOURSELVES!!
SHE WAS RIGHT! IN A SOCIETY THAT ABOLISHES ADVENTURE, THE ONLY ADVENTURE IS IN ABOLISHING THAT SOCIETY...
TOMMORROW I CUT OFF THE BOSS' BALLS.
NO MORE POLITICS OF SUBMISSION. WE'LL DEMAND EVERYTHING!!
TODAY'S OUR LUCKY DAY! WE'VE HUNG THE BOSS AND SEIZED THE FACTORY. NOW LET'S TRASH THE COUNTRY!!
OOOOH — LET ME PUT ON MY LOOTING CLOTHES!!
WHY NOT MAKE THIS YOUR LUCKY DAY? FOR A WORLD WITHOUT MONEY OR BOSSES OF ANY KIND — SCREW YOUR BOSS, HE'S SCREWING YOU!

CHANTS FROM THE PUB

* Howard's war is dirty
but not the way we like it

* 1,2,3,4, we don't want your racist war
5,6,7,8, fuck the army, fuck the state

* Tirneys a wanker

* there's no suddam
without uncle Sam

* Bush needs a spanking
Howard does the wanking

* Whose streets, our streets,
whose world, our world

* Get those animals
off those horses

* Despite the lies,
despite the wrongs
we want books not bombs!

* Freedom and democracy
not cluster bombs and tyranny

* peace and justice we must see
Howard doesn't speak for me
And bush doesn't speak for me

* Fuck howard, fuck the war
we don't believe in shock and ore

* Fuck Howard, fuck the war
Fuck bush and fuck them all

* 1,2,3,4, queens don't want your fucking war
5,6,7,8, were not here to procreate

* Get fucked, come off it
education is not for profit

*Fuck this racist war
we want freedom for all

* fuck you howard ~
you're a coward

*Unfuck our education
stop the nelson legislation

* fuck the liberals
their all criminals

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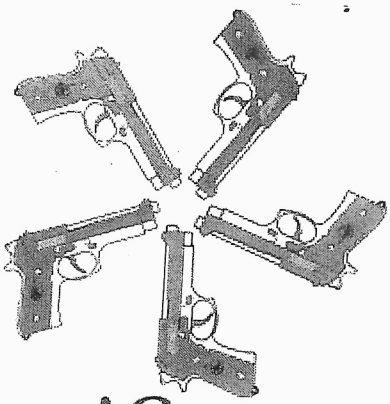
insane inside

venhtium® III

AOL Instant Stalker

DEBT

GM General Morons



iGun

Don't think. Kill

NTERNATIONAL PAPER

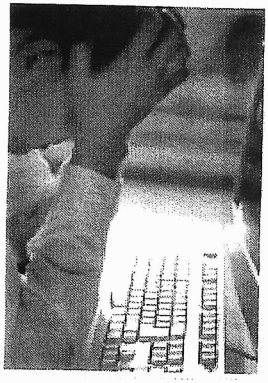
There's plenty of trees left...

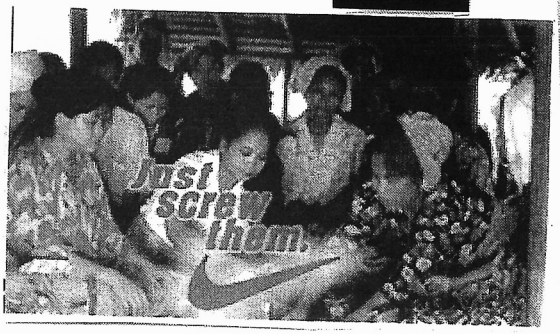
Nofriendo

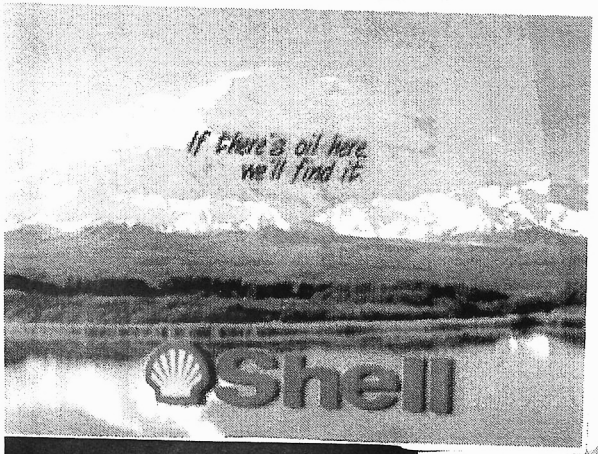
Vindows 2000 Server

How Many Times did It Crash Today?

Microsoft







Paranoid

50/50

Microsoft
Is it going to work today?

STARSUCKS COFFEE

rink our coffee or we'll break your legs.™

SHITIBANK

MTV
MONEY TELEVISION

This has been a

Production

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